

may the eye be the glass through which the religious painter may let fall the lines of beauty in living representation on the soul, the gate by which the illustrative ideas of the sculptor may enter and find rest. Did the Creator exalt the ear above the eye? Meant He, when He gave us several senses, that we should learn of him but through one? Did He design in bestowing on us several faculties, that we should trust alone to eloquence to illustrate His attributes, and that of all powers, eloquence alone should teach religion, and only the ear attend to it? Never were supposition more ridiculous. But yet in our day, even concerning architecture, there seems to be an extraordinary opposition of parties under the several badges of the ear and the eye. These, delighting in eloquence, exalting it over all other things, swearing as well by the least word as by the most artfully elaborated period of their favourite pulpit orator, declaring the silent eloquence of artistic grace and symbolic ornament to be little less than accursed, may be styled the party of the ear. Those, loving symbolism to excess, greedy of ornament, pledged to display, insisting on the graces of the suggestive arts, regarding the eloquence of the preacher as dangerous, if not needless, may be called the party of the eye. The ear and the eye, the eye and the ear! and men to whom both belong reading each other in their several causes. Strange and inexplicable thing! For the soul is like one sitting in a chamber with several doors which are the senses, and through which or some of which she must be approached. Can any one show how he reaches the soul without opening any of these doors, or why the door he may best be able to open is a better one than all the rest? Hearing only is right, says the man of speech—sight, says the man of art—smell, says the perfume; we shall soon come to touch and taste. Why, this puts one in mind of *Messieurs le philosophe, le maître d'armes, et le maître à danser*, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, where they dispute on the superiority of their several professions, and finally end in a general struggle about it, leaving their pupil to help himself if he can. But we have a right to avail ourselves, without abuse, of all our senses: we may look for the genius of Raphael, and hope for the eloquence of St. Paul. Architecture (and the other arts) are in peril from this absurd contest; for if it once be allowed that the cause of religion is best served by their utter insufficiency and wretchedness, then is the first blow stricken at them, then is the battering of the wall begun. We ask not in a church for gaudiness, for tinsel, for an impure and diseased decoration, for mythical monsters, for devils in stone and in paint; we seek only pure majestic beauty, chastity of design, a sacred elegance, a holy grandeur. Let none use the arts of rhetoric to destroy architecture, and her sisters; for every word the orator aims at them, every argument prepared for their destruction, will become a weapon that must slay its wielder. Eloquence is now put in this position: she is forced to say, "I am exciting, charming, persuading your senses, to make you believe they have no right to be charmed, persuaded, or excited by any one else." What is there more injurious in colour or statuary than in rhetoric? Indeed, there is more risk in the latter. For the subject of art being once well chosen it remains when executed for ever the same; but the purpose of rhetoric may be subtle and variable as the inclination of man. But we need not enter further upon this, being convinced that we have a right, under the sway of careful judgment, to use all our senses, and to submit them, by the lamp of reason, to the guidance of art. Everything may be used, everything can be abused: for us it is to use and not abuse. But are we to be cold and dumb and still? O art! art! how wert thou fallen if, of all the consoling spirits that have descended to cheer the earth, thou alone wert forbidden to worship in the temple of thy God!

Having thus shown architecture a witness of religion, we find her in another office as a recorder of history and chronicler of manners. Sculpture and Painting now describe in her the events of their country: Assyria, Egypt,

Greece, and Rome yield us even now the records they made of their times; battles, sieges, bringings of tribute, forms of animals, nature of countries, modes of life, arms, implements, costumes, are all depicted before us, and give invaluable information of the past. In modern times the Italians have done as they of old: the portraits of the doges thronged the walls of their palace, with how terrible a significance, if there be among them the blank and the black curtain of Faiero! It was to record history and perpetuate her husband's fame that a Queen hung her walls with the Bayeux tapestry, descriptive of the conqueror and his deeds. How invaluable to the antiquary are the exquisite memorials of the Middle Ages, preserved unnumbered by the Gothic architecture throughout its whole progress! How excellent the feeling that was concerned in bestowing life and animation on the otherwise gloomy halls! Thus walls, bare and naked, are suddenly peopled with the great ones of the past, and men remember, like Earl de Warenne, the valour and virtue of their ancestors, and are exhorted to keep their honour as bright as their fathers kept their swords. It has fallen to the lot of Architecture to be the chronicler of the dead. There is little need now to speak of the tombs of the past,—to say that pagans expressed their kind of hopes in their monuments,—that Christians did so too, long since; but there is need to ask of what sort are our tombs to-day. In all matters of the dead we are notoriously behind savages; we are barbarous. Let us look into some old cathedral, and what do we see? The monuments. And what are they like? The beauty of the structure is defaced; its traceries often shattered; its walls are thronged with unsightly slabs, crowned with every variety of unsightly urn; gross pagan cupids flutter in hundreds about misplaced pediments, and preside over heathenish symbols, eloquent only of despair: here there is a collection of various arms that would suffice for an armoury; there there is every variety of vehicle—every fashion of peruke: here, amidst flags, trumpets, and medallions, stone commanders expire; there, amid books, busts, and cupids, favourite divines ascend to heaven in chariots; and, whether it be for lost or saved, Fame blows her eternal trumpet—Fame indites blasphemy—Fame offers wreaths of amaranth and branches of palm—Fame mediates for sinners, and conducts their marble bodies triumphantly to bliss!—and it is thus in the churches of Christ that we publicly dishonour the memories of our dead! But comment is needless: it is not architecture, it is ignorance and irreverence that create these impious memorials.

We have followed architecture through her gradual developments as a provider, a protector, a preserver of the kindred arts, a witness of religion, a recorder of history, a chronicler of the dead: it remains but to say a few words on her final office of instructor. It is a necessity that a building which is a witness and recorder, as we have described them, must teach, if it be only through inquiry; as when a child of every generation, on entering such an edifice, asks of its parent, who has once inquired the same,—Whose portrait is that? What do these statues mean? Why are there so many columns? And let us suppose the answers to be—That is the portrait of the good Howard, who devoted his life to the wretched; or, that is the statue of Peel, who having everything he could desire, yet preferred the service of his country to his ease, bestowing on her inestimable benefits; or, this building was raised at the end of a war full of victories, and they set up a column for every victory, and engraved on the base the name of the conqueror, and on the capital some name of the God who permitted them to be won: let us suppose such answers as these, and who will tell us that child would go away unimpressed; would have no feeling of emulation, beneficence, devotion; would not understand the meaning and the purpose of the columns, and venerate the name carved in the capitals?

But in the most general sense, Art, when excellent, is, and must ever be, an instructress.

Art is most flourishing in the times of peace. We saw in the most wonderful exhibition of all time, how a long course of quietude has enabled our people noiselessly to perfect themselves in those matters wherein it was supposed they were behind the rest of Europe. But it is strange that in those very things the glory of this country stands with no superior, and in all that concerns our architectural decoration—in our carving in wood and stone—our working in iron and brass—we assume not the position of pupils, but of masters. For once and for ever is the fallacy refuted, that we have no taste; and the extent of our skill is proved by the immense variety of objects upon which it is triumphantly exercised. For it is the glory of art to apply the immutable principles of beauty alike to every production of nature: she can carve the lily in wood or stone, or gracefully shape it in iron, and the beauty of her work is still the same—its grace still that of the lily. What then shall we say? When is art most excellent? When, applying herself to the materials of the age, she embodies beauty in metal, porcelain, and glass, as she of old embodied, and now embodies, it in stone and wood, and proves that there is no material that can withstand her beautifying spell. The more we exercise our intellects on the works of industry, the more we devote ourselves to our calling—every longer day employed upon art; every increased exercise of thought; every mightier effort to excel; contribute surely and unerringly to the maintenance of the holy cause of peace, to the ultimate unity of men. We make Art an instructress, and she teaches peace; an exalter, and she raises our souls from thoughts of strife, to gratitude and love.

Though the picture drawn of Architecture shows how much she requires, her favour has often been attained, and is ever within the reach of hope. Hope shines ever beyond the work achieved, and beckons to a further advance: the true artist has no despair, for he knows that the inscription over the infernal gates should never brand the portals of the muses. Work is the slave of the lamp of science, but the magician who rules it is thought,—thought which creates worlds and systems in the intellect out of an apparent void,—thought which, like the still and pensive night, ever reveals to watchers the glories of the heavens, veiled, till her advent, by the glare of the joyous and pleasure-loving day. And the mind is like unto a sea, whose depth no man can tell till he fathom it: he may pass over the surface a thousand times and find it but labour lost if he will not try the waters. Can we know what is within us save we apply the test of thought? But it is for the diver to ascertain the depths—to rise with the rare and lovely pearls: it is for the thinker to sound the caverns of his mind, and to raise from them those inestimable jewels, which are as stars in the diadem of Truth.

H. T. BRAITHWAITES.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

A LIFE of Stothard, by Mrs. Bray, fully illustrated with outline engravings of his best works, has been recently published by Mr. Murray,* and will enable us to give a sketch of his career.

Thomas Stothard was the only son of a native of Sutton, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, who, though of an old and respectable family, filled no higher calling in life than that of an innkeeper. Removing in 1750 to London, he established his business with much success in Long-acre, and it was here, August 17th, 1755, that the future Academician first saw the light. Being of a delicate constitution, he was sent, when five years old, to an uncle at York, who placed him under the care of an aged widow living in the neighbouring village of Acomb, where he gained health; and it was here, at the same time, the incipient love of art manifested itself, which led the way to his eventually becoming one of the greatest historical painters this country ever produced,—some will say, the greatest. When he was in his thirteenth year his father visited his native place, and returning to London, took with him his son, and

* Albemarle-street.